

# The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

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LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

## UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL.

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## Agricultural.

### Agricultural Benefits of Snow.

It is with some feelings of regret and discomfort, that farmers as well as other men, regard the approach of winter. That during several months, there must continue an exhausting drain upon the accumulations of the year, without any replenishing streams to counterbalance its effects, is a fact not pleasant to contemplate, especially if an individual happens to be straitened in supply. Hence, when a storm of snow occurs early in the season, as one did in this locality on the twenty-fifth ult., the inquiry naturally arises of what benefit is snow? We see its evil effects in the wretched state in which it places our roads; in the strained and broken manner it leaves our streets, especially if it comes, as in this instance, before they have been deluged by the wind and frost; in the downcast and sorry look it gives to all animated nature, man included.

It is not our purpose to assert the value of an untimely frost, any more than that of a timely one. Any one of the phenomena of nature may be attended with evil consequence, however beneficial and necessary in a general way. Too much rain or too little; too backward a season or too forward; and a thousand things generally beneficial, may be especially injurious. Nature works by general laws, and not in their impartial administration, does not stop to inquire whether or not this man's harvest is secure.

Snow, in latitudes where the temperature is sufficiently low for it to fall, is of mere importance to vegetable life. Its peculiar porous structure renders it an exceedingly bad conductor of caloric; and hence, when covering anything either warm or cold, and greatly differing in temperature from the snow itself or from surrounding objects, it requires a long period of time for the equilibrium to be restored.

If the earth becomes early covered with snow, and before the ground is frozen, it will remain above freezing point during the entire winter, even though the atmospheric temperature should go down many degrees below zero. So decided is its protection, that if the soil be penetrated with frost to the depth of several inches before the fall of snow comes on, the caloric of the subsoil will remove the frost, notwithstanding the atmosphere has not at any time risen much above the freezing point.

We were, when a boy, much puzzled at this phenomenon. The ground had been frozen like a stone before the snow fell upon it, the weather continuing many weeks below freezing point; and yet afterwards on removing the snow, the ground was thawed out, and easily lifted with a shovel. Of course a boy's reason was given for this circumstance, viz., that the snow was warm and thawed out the ground, instead of the true one, that its non-conducting properties had intercepted the radiation of the heat from the lower strata of the soil, and this, acting upon the upper stratum, had removed the frost.

Alpine plants that survive the severest winters of mountain districts because protected by snow, have perished in the comparatively warm climate of England for want of such protection. We had a good illustration of the genial influences of snow in our own country last winter. The thermometer went down to a point unprecedented in our history, being no less than twenty-two degrees below zero. That was a point of depression indicated for the first time in a record of sixty-seven years, and for how long a period previously, it was impossible to tell. Of course the peach crop was utterly ruined, and orchards which were wont to yield hundreds of bushels of splendid fruit, produced this year nothing but leaves. At our horticultural show, however, there were exhibited several magnificent specimens of peaches, which, upon inquiry, were found in every instance to have been produced upon limbs that had by a fortunate accident been bent down and covered with a snow-drift. The temperature in their position did not probably fall to zero, and if they could have laid upon the ground would have been reached freezing point. The earth at this period was mantled with a heavy fall, and we tremble at the possible consequences which might have ensued in case the ground had been exposed and denuded. As it was, the frost did not penetrate to an unusual depth, and the wheat fields and meadows came out in the spring fresh and green from their long winter slumbers.

Snow has been called the poor man's mantle; but we are not aware that analysis shows it to possess any fruitifying elements not contained in rain water. The gradual manner of its melting away enables the soil to absorb a greater portion, and thus become thoroughly saturated at the season when such a result is desirable. The absorption of caloric, which becomes latent in melting snow, prevents a sudden transition from the chill of winter to the warmth of spring. If it were not for this, vegetation would start too early, and all the fruits and tender plants would be nipped by vernal frosts. As the seasons are now constituted, the sun must at least cross the equator, and the length of days exceed that of the nights, before the snow melts from the hillsides, and disappears in the vale. It has then performed its mission, a gentle and a merciful one whatever

may have been its chill and forbidding aspect in the early autumn.

A locality that experiences abundant falls of snow, which cover the ground uniformly through the winter, will admit of the cultivation of many things that cannot be grown in other places with no lower temperature, but destitute of snow; and many countries would be, without its protecting influence, mere regions of waste and desolation.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WATER IN BARN YARDS. Such is the solvent power of water, that if admitted in large quantities into barn-yards, it will dissolve into the earth, or into streams and ponds, a large share of fertilizing salts of manure. The manure of stalls should, if possible, be housed. It should be kept moist with the urine of animals, and sufficient litter should be used to absorb the whole of this, unless it be preserved in a tank to be used as liquid manure, the policy of which is perhaps doubtful in this country, where labor is high, though it may be well in Europe, where labor is plenty. The true proceeding for barn-yard manure is to keep it as far as possible moist, but not suffer it to be drenched. If dry and hot, it gives its nutritious gases to the winds; if drenched, it loses its most fertilizing salts; when neither scorched nor drenched, it retains in itself a larger portion of its enriching properties.—*American Farmer.*

## Miscellaneous.

### A PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY.

By Mrs. KIRKLAND.

Doctor R.—sat alone in his study, when a lady was announced.

"Mrs. Waldorf, sir," and the doctor laid down his pen, and received his visitor very cordially. She was the wife of a rich German merchant, and a distant cousin of his own; a handsome woman, of about five and thirty, with sufficient repose of manner, but too spirited an eye to pass for a mere fashionable machine.

"I have come to you, doctor, instead of sending for you," began the lady, "because I do not wish Mr. Waldorf to know I have thought it necessary to consult you. He is so easily alarmed, and if he knew you had prescribed for me, would watch me so closely, and insist so much upon my observance of your directions to the very letter, that I should have no peace."

The doctor smiled, as if he thought Mr. Waldorf would not be so far wrong as his lady might suppose.

"But what is it, my dear madam?" he said, taking Mrs. Waldorf's hand, and giving a look of professional scrutiny to her face. "You look well, though there is a slight pallor about the eyes, a not quite so rosy a tinge as one might wish to see. What is it?"

"Oh! a thousand things, doctor, my health is miserable—at least I sometimes think so; I have pains in the right side—and such flutterings at my heart—and such lassitude—and such headaches—and sleep so miserably—"

"Are your pains very severe? Are they of a heavy, dull kind, or sharp and darting? And how often do you experience them?"

"They are not very constant—not constant, certainly, nor very severe—but, doctor, they fill me with apprehensions of future evil. It is not present suffering of which I complain, so much as a fear of worse to come. I dread lest disease should make such progress, unnoticed, that it will be vain to attempt a cure." And Mrs. Waldorf's eyes filled with tears at the very thought of her troubles.

"You are very wise to take it in time," said doctor R.—But tell me more of these symptoms. At what time of the day do you generally feel most indisposed?"

"Oh! I can scarcely say. When I wake in the morning, I am always very miserable. My head is full of dull pain, especially about the eyes. My lips are parched: I find it a great exertion to dress myself, and never have the slightest appetite for breakfast."

"Ah, indeed?" mused the doctor, "you breakfast as soon as you arise, I presume. At what hour do you retire?"

"We make it a rule to be in bed by twelve, unless we happen to be engaged out, which is but seldom. Waldorf detests parties and late hours. We spend our evenings with music or books, very quietly."

"At what hour do you sup?"

"We have nothing like a regular supper, but for mere sociability's sake, we have a tray brought up about ten. I take nothing beyond a bit of chicken or a few oysters, or a slice of cake, and sometimes only a cracker and a glass of wine. You look as if you thought even this were better omitted; but I should scarcely know how to cut off one of my husband's few social pleasures. He would not touch anything if I did not partake with him. He thinks as ill of suppers as you do."

"I beg your pardon—I interrupted your detail of symptoms to ask these questions as to the evening. You say you have no appetite for breakfast—how long do these feelings of languor and exhaustion continue to trouble you?"

"Oh! I generally feel better after a cup of coffee; and after practicing at the harp or the piano for an hour or two, or sometimes three, when I have new music. I generally drive out, and perhaps shop a little, or at any rate take a turn into the country for the air, and usually return somewhat refreshed."

"Do you take airings alone?"

"Yes—pardon, almost. There are none of my intimate friends who can go with me. They drive out regularly, and take children with them, or they have other objects; one cannot ask a mere acquaintance, so I go alone, which is very exhilarating."

"Your own children are not at home?"

"No—if they were, I should need no other company for the carriage. The society of young people is pleasant to me, but Adelaide is at Madame—'s, and Ernest is with a German clergyman, a friend of his father's. I fancy my rides would be of much greater service to me, if I had a pleasant companion or two."

"Undoubtedly—and I know a lady and her daughter to whom a regular morning airing with such society as that of Mrs. Waldorf, would be the very breath of life! what a pity that etiquette come in the way of so many good things! But go on, I beg."

"Etiquette! say not another word, doctor—who and where are these friends or patients of yours? I should be happy if I could offer any service. I will call with you on them this day, if you like, and invite them to ride with me daily."

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear madam," said Dr. R.—"It is what I could not venture to ask. Yet I am not afraid you will not find my friends at least tolerably agreeable—but will you not proceed with the account you were giving me of your daily habits—you dine at four, I believe?"

"That is our hour, but Mr. Waldorf is often detained until five, and I never dine without him. For my own part, I should not care if dinner were stricken from the day. I lunch about one, and with tolerable appetite, and I never wish to eat again until supper time. We take tea, however, at seven, and—"

"Green tea, I presume—do you take it strong?"

"Oh! not very; if I take it too strong I do not sleep at all."

"You sleep but indifferently, you tell me?"

"Yes generally, and wake many times in the night, sometimes in the horrors, so that I am full of undefinable fears, and dare not open my eyes, lest the objects in the room should assume terrific shapes. The very shades cast by the night-lamp, have power at such times to appal me."

The doctor's professional inquiries extended to a still greater length, but he had guessed Mrs. Waldorf's complaint before he arrived at this point in the list. He had found solitude, inactivity, late hours, superfluous coffee, green tea, music and books,—with not one counterbalancing item of that labor—effort—sacrifice—which has been affixed as the unchanging price of health and spirits. Mrs. Waldorf was one of the hundreds of ladies in our land, who walk through the world without ever discovering the secret of life. She had abundant wealth, and a most indulgent husband, with all that this world can offer in point of comfort, and she imagined that health alone was wanting to complete her happiness. Passive happiness! what a dream!

Doctor R.—was at the head of his profession, and he had some medicines at his command, which are not known at the hospitals. He thought he could cure Mrs. Waldorf, but he hinted that he feared he should find her but a poor patient.

"You do not wish Mr. Waldorf to know you are under my care, lest he should object to your neglecting my remedies—"

"Oh, indeed, doctor, I shall be very faithful! Try me! Try me! You cannot prescribe anything too difficult. Shall I travel to the Pyramids at barefoot, and live on bread and water all the way? I am only afraid Waldorf should insist upon my taking odious drugs, and—you know cautious meeting one at every turn are so tiresome!"

"Then you are ready to take any remedy which is not at all disagreeable, and which may be used or omitted at discretion?"

"No, no—indeed, you mistake me. I only beg that it may not be too unpleasant. I will do just as you say."

Mrs. Waldorf now had a fine color, and her eyes sparkled as of old. She had every confidence in the skill of Dr. R.—and the effort of recalling and recounting her symptoms had given an impetus to her thoughts, and a quick current to her blood.

The doctor apologized. He had an appointment and his hour had come.

"But before I leave you this uncourtaneously," he said, "it strikes me that there is a root in my garden which might be of essential service to you, to begin with at least. You know I have a little spot in which I cultivate a few rare botanical specimens. Might I venture to ask you to search for the root I speak of? It is in the little square compartment in the corner, which appears nearly vacant."

"Oh, certainly—but had I not better call John, as your own man is going away with you?"

"John! Bless my soul, madam, there is not a John in the world that I would trust in my sabbath! No hand but mine, and that of a gardener whom I employ occasionally, under my own direction, ever intrudes among my plants. Let me entreat you, since I have no other moment to spare, to take this little trowel, and search with your own hands until you discover an oblong, white root, like this"—opening a book of botanical plants, and exhibiting something that looked very much like a Jerusalem artichoke—"Take that and have it washed and grated into a gill of Port, of which try ten drops in a little water, three times a day. I will see you very soon—but now I must run away." And Dr. R.—departed, leaving Mrs. Waldorf in a musing mood.

She cast a look at the garden which lay just beneath the window, full of flowers; then at the trowel—a strange implement in her hand. She thought Dr. R.—very odd, certainly, but she resolved to follow his directions implicitly. She went down stairs, and was soon digging very zealously. Her glove was split by the first effort of course; for a fashionably fitted glove admits not the free exercise of the muscles—

but all was of no avail. Every corner of the little square was disturbed, but no talisman appeared. Weary at length of her new employment, Mrs. Waldorf gave up in despair, and sat in a little arbor which opened into the garden near her. Here she sank into a pleasant reverie, as one can scarcely help doing in a garden full of sweet flowers, and so pleasant was the sense of repose after the labor, that she thought not of the lapse of time, until she was startled by the voice of Dr.—, returned from his visit, and exceedingly surprised to find her still trowel in hand.

"Why, my dear madam," he exclaimed, "you are forgetting your wish that Mr. Waldorf should not discover your visit to me! If he walks much in town, he has had ample opportunity to discover his carriage at my door these two hours. You must learn to carry on clandestine affairs better than this! Have you the medicine?"

Mrs. Waldorf laughed, and related her ill success, which the doctor very much regretted, although he did not offer to assist in her search.

"You are feeling tolerably well just now, I think," he said; "your color is better than when you came in the morning."

"Oh, yes! much better, just now! But how charming your garden is. I do not wonder that you make a pet of it. We, too, have a few square inches of garden, but it gives me but little pleasure, because I have never done anything to it myself. I think I shall get a trowel of my own."

"You delight me! You have only to cultivate and bring to perfection a single bed of carnations, to become as great an enthusiast as myself. But it must be done by your own hands."

"Yes, certainly; but now I must be gone. To-morrow I will hold myself in readiness to call on your friends, at any hour you may appoint."

"What say you at eleven? Would that be too barbarous? The air is worth a good deal more at eleven than at one."

"At seven, if you like! Do not imagine me so very a slave to absurd fashions! I am determined you shall own me a reasonable woman yet."

Mrs. Waldorf called from the carriage window—"You'll not forget to send the medicine doctor?"

"Certainly not! You shall have it at seven this evening, and I trust you will take it with exact regularity."

"Do not fear me," she said, and the doctor made his bow of adieu.

The medicine came at seven, with a sediment that looked not a little like grated potato, and without the slightest disagreeable taste. Accompanying directions required the disease for the present, of coffee and green tea; and recommended to Mrs. Waldorf a daily walk, and a very early bedtime.

The lady took her ten drops at nine, and felt so much better that she could not help telling her husband all about her visit to Dr. R.—

The next morning proved cloudy, and Mrs. Waldorf felt rather languid, but after taking her dose, found an improved appetite for breakfast. She sat down to her music, but looked frequently at the clock, and at her watch, thinking of her appointment. When the hour arrived, the nervous shivers poured down such showers as will damp any person's ardor. The drive must be given up for that day, and it passed as usual, with only the interlude of the magic drops.

The next day was as bad, and the day after not a great deal better. Mrs. Waldorf's pains and palpitations almost discouraged her. She was quite sure she had the liver complaint. But on the fourth morning the sun rose gloriously, and the face of nature, clean washed with renewed beauty. At eleven the carriage and lady were at Dr. R.—'s door.

"Have you courage to see an invalid—a sad sufferer?" said the doctor.

"Oh, certainly; I am an invalid myself, you know."

"Ah, my dear lady, my invalid wears a different aspect! I! I hope she is going to recover, and I shall trust to your humanity if the scene proves a sad one. Sickness of the mind was, I think, the origin of the evil, but it has almost overpowered the frail body. This young lady and her mother have been giving lessons in music and in Italian, and have had but slender success in the whirl of competition. As nearly as I can discover, they came to this country hoping to find a reverse of fortune easier to bear among strangers; and their course was determined hitherward in consequence of earlier family troubles, which drove a son of Madame Vamiglia to America. He was a liberal, and both displeased his father and put himself in danger from government by some unsuccessful attempt at home—"

The father is since dead, and the old lady and daughter, left in poverty and loneliness, determined on following the young man to the new world. But here we are."

And they stopped before a small house in a back street. Mrs. Waldorf was shown into a very humble parlor, while the doctor went to prepare his patient. He returned presently, with Madame Vamiglia, a well-bred woman past middle age. She expressed her grateful sense of Mrs. Waldorf's kindness, but their communication was rather pantomimical, for the lady found her Italian of little service, and the signora had not much conversational English. However, with some French, and occasional aid from Dr. R.—, their acquaintance was somewhat ripened before they went to the bedside of the sufferer. Mrs. Waldorf turned pale, and felt ready to faint, at the sight which presented itself.

There was a low, narrow couch in the centre of the room, scarce larger than an infant's crib, and on it lay what seemed a mere remnant of mortality. Large dark eyes, full of a sort of preternatural light, alone spoke of life and motion. The figure had been always extremely small, and was now wasted till it scarce lifted the light covering of the mattress. Madame Vamiglia went forward and spoke in a low tone to her daughter, and Mrs. Waldorf was glad to sink into the chair set for her by Doctor R.—. The ghastly appearance of the poor girl nearly overcame her.

The mother introduced her guest to her daughter, who could only look at her acknowledgement; and then asked the doctor if he thought Ippolita could bear the motion of a carriage.

"She seems weaker to-day," he replied; "very weak, indeed. Yet, if Mrs. Waldorf will allow the mattress to be put in, I think we may venture."

Madame Vamiglia seemed full of anxiety lest the experiment should prove too much for the flickering remnant of life; but after much persuasion, John was called and the poor sufferer transferred, mattress and all, to the back seat. Mrs. Waldorf and her mother took the front seats and in this way they drove slowly out towards the country.

At first, the poor little signora seemed exhausted almost to insensibility, and her mother watched her with the most agonized solicitude; but after a while she became accustomed to the gentle motion, and seemed revived by the fresh air. As the road wound round through a green lane shaded with green trees, Ippolita looked about with admiration, and made a sign of pleasure with her wasted hand. Tears started to her mother's eyes, and she looked to Mrs. Waldorf for sympathy and not in vain.

At length the invalid gave sign, and they turned about. When they reached the lodging-house, Ippolita was in a quiet sleep, and they carried her back to her own room almost undisturbed.

"To-morrow at eleven!" whispered Mrs. Waldorf, at parting. Madame Vamiglia pressed her hand, but could not speak. We need not describe the morning ride, which succeeded this auspicious commencement. We need not trace, step by step, the slow amendment of the young Italian; nor attempt to express, by words, the gratitude of mother and daughter. They felt words to be totally inadequate. We may mention, however, the rapid improvement of Mrs. Waldorf's health and spirits, which must of course be ascribed to that excellent medicine of Dr. R.—. This enabled that lady to study Italian more strenuously, both at home and by familiar lessons from Madame Vamiglia and her daughter, during their long excursions. This pursuit was never found to increase the palpitations, and seemed almost a specific against headache.

Before Ippolita had so far recovered as to be independent of the daily airing, Mrs. Waldorf picked up a new object of interest. We say picked up, for it was a roadside acquaintance, and as Mrs. Waldorf has since observed, one which she never would have made if she had been reading during her drive, as was her custom formerly—She had, every morning for some time, observed a poor woman drawing a basket-wagon of curious construction, in which lay a child much larger than is usually found in such vehicles. The child was pretty, and tastefully, though plainly dressed; and the whole establishment bespoke anything but abundant means, so that Mrs. Waldorf was puzzled to make out the character of the group. The woman had not the air of the servant, and yet the child did not look as if it could be her child. In short, after looking the same thing a dozen times, Mrs. Waldorf's curiosity was a good deal excited.

She did not, however, venture to make any inquiries, until it so chanced that, in the very green lane we have spoken of—the favorite resort of the grateful Ippolita—they found the poor woman, with the child tainting in her arms. Grief and anxiety were painted on her honest face, and she was so absorbed in her efforts for the recovery of the child, that she scarcely answered Mrs. Waldorf's sympathizing inquiries.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, ma'am! It is nothing new! She's a very very old woman. It's the whooping-cough, ma'am; and I am afraid it'll be the death of her, poor lamb, in spite of all we can do! And she tossed the child in the air, and fanned his face till the breath returned."

"Is it your own?" asked Mrs. Waldorf.

"No, indeed, ma'am! Mine are other genes lookin' children, thank God! This dear babe's mother is a delicate young lady that lives a neighbor to me, as has a sick husband that she can't leave. I'm a washerwoman, ma'am, if you please, and I have to go quite away down town every day, almost, and so I take this poor thing in my basket—it's large enough, you see—and so gives her a turn in the open air, 'cause the doctor says it's the open air, if anything, that'll do her good."

"You are very good," said Mrs. Waldorf, who had listened in a kind of reverie, her thoughts reverting to her lonely drives.

"Oh, no, ma'am! It's far from good! I! The Lord knows that! But a little bit of neighborly kindness like that, is what the poor often does for one another, and don't think anything of it, neither! To be sure, this babe's mother isn't the likes of me, ma'am, but she's far worse off than she has been. Her husband is what they call an accountant—a kind of clerk, like; and he can't get no employ, and I think it's breaking his heart pretty fast."

Here Mrs. Waldorf fairly burst into tears. "Tell me where you live," she said, "and say nothing to this lady you speak of, but come to me to-morrow, will you?" and she put a card into the poor woman's hand.

"Surely I will, ma'am," said the washerwoman, "and it's a kind heart you have!"

Mrs. Waldorf rode home with her heart and head full. "How could I ever content myself with giving money?" she said to herself, when there are so much to be done!"

How do you find yourself, this morning,

my dear madam!" said Dr. R.—, shortly after this.

"Oh, quite well, thank you!"

"What! no more lassitude! no more headache!"

"Nothing of the sort I assure you. I never felt better."

"When did your symptoms abate?"

"I can scarcely tell; I have been too much occupied of late, to think of symptoms. I am so much interested in the study of Italian, that I am going to ask Madame Vamiglia and her daughter to come to us for awhile, and we shall have Adelaide at home to take advantage of so good an opportunity for learning to converse."

"And your ardor in searching out the distressed, has been the means of restoring the son to the mother. How happy you must be!"

"This is a happiness which I owe to you! And Mr. Waldorf is going to employ Mr. Vamiglia, who understands and writes half a dozen different languages, and will be invaluable to him. But first, the family are to go to the sea shore for a month, to recruit; and I imagine they will need a good deal of preparation—so that I have really no time to be ill!"

"Then you have given up going to the Pyramids?"

"Ah, my dear sir! I must thank you for showing me better sources of interest and excitement. I believe it must have been a little ruse on your part—say! was not that famous medicine of yours only a trick—an inganno felice?"

"A trick! Oh! excuse me! Call it by some better name, I beseech you," said the doctor, laughing; "it was a most valuable medicine! Indeed, the whole Materia Medica would be often powerless without the placebo! But I confess I could not think of sending you to the Pyramids, when there are not only pyramids but mountains of sorrow and suffering at home, which must be surmounted by just such heads, hearts, and purses as those of Mrs. Waldorf!"

## GERMAN PRISONERS.

Amid the most stealthy-footed and domestically-benign of this feline race, were the Widow Zwaniger and Mrs. Gottfried of Germany. They were among the most successful, though not the most distinguished, in this art of poisoning. They went on their way staying all around them, for years upon years and yet were too good and agreeable to be suspected, though death was but another name for their shadows. Funerals followed these fatal sisters as certainly as thunder follows lightning; and undertakers were the only men who flourished in their path. The Widow Zwaniger was an admirable cook and nurse. Her soups and coffee had a peculiar strength; her watchful care by the sick bed was in all hearts; she kissed the child she meant to kill, and pillowed the aching head with such soothing address that it never ached again. Mrs. Gottfried was so attractive a person that her ministrations were sought by people of much higher rank than her own; she was so warm a friend, that she was a friend unto death, and one attached soul after another breathed their last in her arms. Husband after husband departed and still her hand was sought, and still her hand was sought, and still it practiced its cunning. At length in her four-and-fiftieth year, she was detected arrested. In prison, she walked amid the apparitions of all her victims, wept tears of tenderness over their memory, and finished by desiring that her life might be written; so that, having left everything else, she might enjoy her fame. All women of this class have an extraordinary degree of vanity, and what is more, they have had a perfect passion for their art. The Marchioness de Binville was an enthusiastic in the composition of the rarest poisons, of which her accomplice, Sainte-Croix, was so eminent a compounder. The admiration of her beauty, the distinction of her rank, afforded her but a feeble satisfaction in comparison with that of watching the operation of some subtly lethal essence. She certainly was not the mere marionette, but the princess of poisoners; and yet it remained for Madame Ursinus to give additional touches of perfection to this peculiar character. She was at once a lady of fashion, a poetess, a writer of useful tracts, a pious, a writer of useful tracts, a poetess, and a poisoner. Through all the dangers of these various careers she lived to a good old age of seventy-six, and was deservedly buried. Brinvilliers, Zwaniger and Gotfried, confessed that they were converted by their crimes; but Madame Ursinus, branded in public opinion, continued to defy it, and conquered even that; and in the very last gasp persisted in playing the heroine. Nay more, without confession, remorse or penitence, she strove in her own way, and with no trifling success, to achieve the reputation of a saint.—*Dicken's Household Words.*

A WITTY METHOD OF MAKING A SPEAKER

My letter too long for a good joke or too! I forget names. Hon. Geo. S. Houston, of Alabama, is a jolly wag, as good natured as he is honest and sensible. The other day, after several verses for Speaker had been taken, without effect, Houston crossed the Representative Hall to the seat of the member from the Ulica district, when the following dialogue ensued:

Mr. Houston—Matters, don't you know how to make a Speaker?

Mr. Matterson—No! do you?

Mr. Houston—Well, I can tell you.

Mr. Matterson—For Heaven's sake do, then, Houston.

Mr. Houston—Why, let the Banks suspend!—[An explosion occurred here.]—Washington Cor. N. Y. Times.

A DIFFERENCE. "It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to-day, for it's Sunday." "I know it, mother," replied the little girl; "but it is Sunday school that I am playing."

## Poetry.

### A New Poet.

Within a few weeks the newspapers have contained several poems of remarkable merit by E. Spencer Miller, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia. We quote one of them below, which has been compared as an example of imagination, and for the profound knowledge it evinces of the operation of the human passion, to the best productions of Edgar Poe:

"THE BLUE-HEADED CHAMBERS OF THE HEART."

Mould upon the ceiling,  
Mould upon the floor,  
Windows barred and double-barred,  
Opening nevermore.

Spiders in the corners,  
Spiders on the shelves,  
Weaving frail and endless webs,  
Back upon themselves.

Wearing, ever weaving,  
Weaving in the gloom,  
Till the drooping drapery  
Trails about the room.

Waken not the echo,  
It will haunt your ear,  
Wall and ceiling whispering  
Words you would not hear.

Hist! the spectres gather,  
Gather in the dark,  
Where the breath has brushed away  
Dust from off a mark.

Dust of weary winters,  
Dust of solemn years,  
Dust that deepens in the silence,  
As the minute wears.

On the shelf and waistcoat,  
Window bare and cold,  
Covering infinite devices,  
With its stealthy fold.

Hist! the spectres gather,  
Break, and group again,  
Writhing, writhing, gliding  
Round that fearful strain.

Blood upon the panels,  
Blood upon the floor,  
Blood that baffles wear and washing,  
Red for evermore.

See,—they pause and listen,  
Where the bat that clings,  
Stirs within the crevices  
Of the panelings.

See, they pause and listen,  
Listen through the air;  
How the eager life has struggled,  
That was taken there.

See,—they pause and listen,  
Listen in the gloom;  
For a startled breath is sighing,  
Sighing through the room.

Sighing in the corners,  
Sighing on the floor,  
Sighing through the window bars,  
That open nevermore.

Waken not those whispers,  
They will pain your ears;  
Waken not the dust that deepens  
Through the solemn years.

Deepens in the silence,  
Deepens in the dark;  
Covering closer, as it gathers,  
Many a fearful mark.

Hist! the spectres gather,  
Break and group again,  
Writhing, writhing, gliding  
Round that fearful strain.

Blood upon the panels,  
Blood upon the floor,  
Blood that baffles wear and washing,  
Red for evermore.

## Ethan Allen.

A good story is told of that brave old patriot Col. Ethan Allen, whose services to his country in the "times that tried men's souls," were only equalled by his daring assertions of the right of private opinion on theological matters.

A well known divine, pastor of the village church, called one evening on the Col., and while engaged in his true New England hospitality, at the supper table the conversation naturally turned upon church matters.

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